Bloody Sunday

WHAT THE PAPERS SAID

LIKE THE EVENTS of August 1971, Bloody Sunday was to burn deep into the Irish consciousness but leave little imprint in Britain. Then, too, the British media fudged the events, suppressed investigations and blazoned forth the idea that the British army had been "cleared of guilt."

The retired Bishop of Derry, Dr. Edward Daly, has little doubt that the British media's portrayal of Bloody Sunday seriously alienated Catholics.

He said in 1993: **"Anyone who wants to study why Catholics felt alienated, and why so many young people turned against the State, should view and read how the British media reported that day. There were a few honourable exceptions but, by and large, the British media followed like sheep the totally discredited official line. Often the media representation was as offensive as the actual deed itself."**

Some British journalists, who were on the spot, conveyed something of the panic and grief of the day.

Simon Winchester told in the next day's *Guardian* how, just as the meeting at Free Derry Corner was getting underway, **"four of five armoured cars appeared in William Street and raced into the Rossville Street square, and several thousand people began to run away...Paratroopers piled out of their vehicles, many ran forward to make arrests, but others rushed to the street corners. It was these men, perhaps 20 in all, who opened fire with their rifles. I saw three men fall to the ground. One was still obviously alive, with blood pumping from his leg. The others, both apparently in their teens, seemed dead."**

A national newspaper photographer, who was directly behind the paratroopers when they jumped down from their armoured cars, told *The Times*: **"I was appalled. They opened up into a dense crowd of people. As far as I could see, they did not fire over people's heads at all. There appeared to be no warning."**

Times reporter Brian Cashinella said that he heard Land Forces Commander General Ford say, **"Go on the paras, go and get them."**

Relish

Cashinella also noted, **"I found the reaction of the paratroopers in this situation interesting. They seemed to relish their work, and their eagerness manifested itself, to me, mainly in their shouting, cursing, and ribald language. Most of them seemed to regard the Bogsiders and people who took part in the parade as legitimate targets."**

John Graham, of the *Financial Times*, reported that **"there was a great deal of shooting by the army at the crowd while the streets were indeed full of people."**

Within hours, however, British army officers began to put out a succession of lying statements, and the media gave these as much, or more, prominence as those of the eyewitnesses.

General Ford told BBC TV that Sunday night, **"Paratroopers did not go in there shooting. In fact, they did not fire until they were fired upon..."**

He went on to say that the dead **"may well not have been killed by our soldiers."**

Later that night, after a meeting of senior army officers at the Lisburn HQ, an official statement, approved by Lieutenant-General Harry Tuzo, GOC Northern Ireland, was released.

Nail bomb attack?

This said that after the paratroopers were deployed against rioters **"they came under nail bomb attack and a fusillade of 50 to 80 rounds from the area of Rossville Flats and Glenfada Flats.**

Fire was returned at seen gunmen and nail-bombers. Subsequently, as troops deployed to get at the gunmen, the latter continued to fire. In all, a total of well over 200 rounds was fired indiscriminately in the general direction of the soldiers. Fire continued to be returned only at identified targets."

The army's version conflicted almost totally with the statements of eyewitnesses, including reporters. Virtually all the journalists present testified to the indiscriminate nature of the shooting.

Yet, despite the fact that the British Army's statements were transparently fictional, they strongly influenced the media coverage.

In the headlines on the Monday morning, there was little trace of the army's responsibility for the deaths.

"13 civilians are killed as soldiers storm the Bogside", said *The Times*, following this with **"March ends in shooting"**; the next headline to meet the eye read, **"IRA told: Shoot as many troops as possible"**, a reference to an Official IRA threat of retaliation.

The Guardian , too, put its headline in the passive voice and left ambiguous the question of responsibility: **"13 killed as paratroopers break riot"**.

The Daily Telegraph's headline on the Monday was **"13 shot dead in Londonderry"**, accompanied by **"Banned march erupts into riot"** and **"IRA fired first says Army."**

The Daily Telegraph, in a leader titled **"Death March"**, equated the civil rights movement with the IRA, and blamed both for the carnage.

The *Daily Express* took much the same line: **"Many members of the organisation are neither civil nor right. They simply promote the aims of the IRA."**

Again, the *Daily Mail*, in a "comment" piece on its front page titled **"The Real Killers?", asked: "Who is really responsible for the 13 deaths in Ulster yesterday? British bullets will be found in most of their bodies...but the blood is on the consciences of irresponsible political leaders and the fanatical IRA."**

Quickly, the authorities established a second diversion - the Widgery Tribunal, which proved to be a valuable means of hindering investigation and, finally, of getting the army off the hook.

Taking advantage of vague contempt laws, 10, Downing Street sought to introduce a blanket ban on coverage of Bloody Sunday.

They claimed that anything which anticipated the Tribunal's findings could be in contempt. Thus the media was effectively silenced until April, when the Widgery Report was published.

"Widgery clears paratroopers for Bloody Sunday, announced *The Daily Telegraph*. **"Bloody Sunday Paras "clear"**, said the *Daily Mirror*. **"Widgery blames IRA and clears the Army"**, said the *Daily Express*.

In the years that followed, the media have continued to write British responsibility for Bloody Sunday out of history.

It became the day **"when 13 men died in shootings during a demonstration"**, as Chris Ryder wrote in *The Sunday Times*, or, as in *The Guardian's* review of the decade, **"Bloody Sunday: 13 civilians killed during army dispersal of Bogside anti-internment marches, Londonderry."**

A man badly injured by gunfire being removed to an ambulance. (BS19)

Demonstrators lay 13 crosses outside Dungiven RUC barracks in protest against the Derry killings. (BS13)

HOW BLOODY SUNDAY CHANGED MY LIFE

SOMETIME AROUND the mid-1960's, the British Army held an open day out at Clooney where children and parents could play at being soldiers. Off I went with my chums and I recall sitting on a military motorcycle having my reactions tested to various situations. I also descended at speed from a tower on a rope and sat in the turret of a tank (a Chieftain, I think) musing that the army must be great crack altogether.

By NIGEL COOKE

In those days, my mates and I thought of the soldiers simply as "the army". Later years and events qualified the description by the insertion of "British", for by then I no longer considered this army as my own, representing my interests or my people. Too much had demonstrated otherwise.

I did not come from a particularly strong Nationalist family, nor indeed one all that interested in politics at all. To be sure, my Moville granny who had married a Clonakilty man and settled in the Brandywell, was active in the old Nationalist Party, but that was about it really.

The Civil Rights Movement caught me in mid-teens, just as I was becoming politically conscious. History was my best subject at St. Columb's (where I was privileged to have John Hume as my teacher for a year) and I was acutely aware that I was living in historic times. I recall being absolutely stunned to learn that in Northern Ireland - part of the United Kingdom - we still did not enjoy full democratic rights such as One Person, One Vote. I could hardly credit it and was outraged in a typically-teenaged sort of way. So by the late sixties I had swopped Derry City matches for Civil Rights marches on Saturday afternoon.

Call me naive or whatever, but although I recognised the RUC for what they were (Unionism's paramilitaries), I still retained a healthy regard for the army as representing a "higher authority" in Britain, which I was morally obliged by my religion and upbringing to have due respect for.

I also felt a little sympathy for the soldiers. You could see they would rather be anywhere else - sunning themselves in Cyprus, boozing in Germany, skiing in Norway - than in Ulster's back streets facing a hail of bottles and bricks. And I knew from several summers in England that ordinary decent English folk wanted simply to get the hell out of Ireland's affairs.

So the impact of Bloody Sunday upon me was profound, to say the least. I do not wish to speak here of the actual scenes I witnessed - only of their impact upon me, a relatively quiet, never-in-trouble, Derry Catholic boy.

Something life-changing dawned upon me that terrible day. It was the realisation that the army - and accordingly its masters - did not give a toss for my life. It could have been me lying there on my own streets in my own blood, for I fitted the apparent standard profile of the dead. I was no different from them. We simply did not matter, or count as individuals. We were mere rifle fodder, expendable.

This was no "security force" of mine. This force tried to kill me as I stood peacefully listening to a Member of Parliament at Free Derry Corner. "My" army, the legitimate forces of law and order in "my" state, had opened fire on me! If there was a defining moment when I ceased to think of myself as somehow British, this was it. For I recognised immediately that such an atrocity would never have been contemplated on "the mainland". English, Welsh or Scottish citizens could never have been indiscriminately classified as "the enemy" by the British Army. Only the Irish could fill such a role.

Horrific though the day's events were, my horror turned to absolute disbelief and hostile anger when I ingested the full significance of the Government's response. Labelling the victims "terrorists", fabricating evidence, sending their well-practised Imperial lie-machine into overdrive, they compounded the damage done. And for me, like so many, the lie was far worse than the deed.

Any shred of inbred or tutored allegiance or respect left in me for state authority was extinguished. I recognised the vast difference between possibly hot-headed military mayhem (inexplicable though it was coming from a self-professed crack regiment) and the cold-blooded, calculated lies deliberately dispatched from behind desks.

Like many a youngster, what probably kept me from a prison cell or premature grave was the magnificent display of dignified restraint shown by the entire Derry Catholic community, the desire not to besmirch the sacred memories of the innocent dead or lend credibility to the lies, and the quiet unsung leadership of our local clergy, teachers and parents.

My life had changed utterly, however. I turned my back on the British universities offering me places and went to Dublin, to learn more about my own country and to tell southerners (whether they wanted to hear or not) about the North. And after Trinity College, I took out formal Irish citizenship and joined the Irish Civil Service.

In 12 years in the job I learned this startling fact: that no lie is too big to tell if it suits the interest of the Government. It can always be justified. You know the phrases. Say them with me - "National Security; Not in the Public Interest; Profound Constitutional and Legal Implications". On and on the list goes. And perm any two from so many and the truth can be buried for generations until it is of little use or interest except to archivists eager to score academic 'Brownie' points.

Now, a quarter of a century after I first walked the Bloody Sunday route, I will do so again, head held high and sad of heart. I expect no new inquiry from the British, no apology, not in my generation. Too much still hangs for too many on the maintenance of The Lie. On Bloody Sunday, and many times over since, my faith in "British Justice" was gunned down.

Yet still, deep in my heart, I do believe that We Shall Overcome - Someday.

The family of William Nash pictured by his graveside. (BS57)

Personal View . . .

A terrible wrong

I was a seven-years-old schoolboy in Derry when Bloody Sunday happened. I do not remember where I was, what I was doing.

By Gerry Bradley

However, over the past 25-years, I have spoken to many people from the city about what happened that day...people who were there and relatives of the dead.

In those conversations words keep coming up: words like atrocity, murder, hurt, innocence, whitewash and cover-up.

The feelings Bloody Sunday invokes within me do not lend themselves too easily to words. But - from a combination of study and intuition - it is clear to me that a terrible wrong was done that day.

Equally clear is the pivotal role Bloody Sunday has played in the modern history of this country.

In my own experience, I have never come across something which has so deeply touched the lives of this community to which I belong.

Today, even after all these years, I detect a continuing sense of communal hurt : hurt at the killings, the Widgery inquiry and the refusal by successive Governments to vindicate the names of the dead.

I feel for the relatives whose wounds will never heal until their loved ones' names are cleared. And I wonder: How many more people have paid with their lives as a result of what happened that day.

Four young Protestants speak out

DUP SPOKESMAN Gregory Campbell has said publicly that Bloody Sunday did not affect the Protestant people of the Waterside. "Paranoia" surrounded the event, he said. And Derry's Ulster Unionist Mayor Richard Dallas said that, though regrettable, it is not a "big issue" for unionists. This week the Derry Journal asked four 16-year-old Protestants living in the North -West how they felt about the killings. None wished to be identified so we have given them assumed names.

Robert:

"Bloody Sunday happened when the British army opened fire on a crowd attending a Civil Rights march in 1972 or 1973. The army claimed they saw guns in the crowd and killed 13, wounding 27. I think all the dead were Catholics.

"It was never proved or disproved if the people killed were armed. My mum and dad lived quite close and heard the shots. My dad said that, on the morning it happened, the soldiers were all hyped up as if they were preparing for something. Maybe the crowds were chanting.

"It would have affected us more if it had happened in the Protestant community. How are you supposed to trust the army if they shoot your brother?

"I feel Catholics are trying to keep the thing going. What do they say about all the people who have been killed since? There was over-reaction from both sides and the event was used to excuse further killing. Our own house was blown up.

"Extreme loyalists looked on Bloody Sunday as a victory. The inquiry should have been based on the evidence of everyone; it definitely seems to have been one-sided.

"Bloody Sunday was a turning point in the Troubles because they got worse than ever after that."

Heather:

"I don't know why the march was taking place on Bloody Sunday. I have never been taught about it and, because I don't come from Londonderry, I don't know that much about it.

"I know 13 Catholics were killed and it happened in the early 70s. The relatives obviously want an answer to why it happened and they have a right to that.

"I don't know who carried out the original inquiry. The inquiry should have been carried out by someone who was not biased.

"But what happened should not be used as an excuse for further killings."

John:

"The people who were shot were Civil Rights marchers. I think they were marching because Catholics were not getting the same jobs or the same rights as the Protestants. There were a lot of unemployed Catholics about at the time.

"But I don't think the soldiers got up that day and said, 'Let's kill 13 Catholics'. Maybe, they felt intimidated. I think if it had been the police instead of the army, they would not have shot.

"I heard recently that people were shot from the City Walls.

"Things like Bloody Sunday happen every day in the Middle East.

"I watched Martin McGuinness on TV recently and he said the British Government should have apologised for Bloody Sunday. But someone said Wilford [Lieutenant Colonel of the Parachute Regiment] did make an apology.

"I don't know who carried out the inquiry into the shootings. Perhaps, an independent party such as the United Nations should have carried it out.

"If there are hundreds of people whose evidence was not heard, then it should be.

Ruth:

"I don't know anything about the Civil Rights Movement.

"But I don't think anything like Bloody Sunday should happen again.

"Catholics who joined the IRA afterwards probably felt angry and wanted to get their own back.

"A lot of Protestants feel the Catholics keep going on and on about what happened.

"I don't know anything about the original inquiry. Over this Christmas I think the Catholic terrorists have been doing more harm than the loyalists.

"Catholics always seem to want to blame the British for their civil rights.

"My family came back to Northern Ireland since the ceasefires...I just hope things don't go back to the way they were."

Caught in the open, three unarmed men try to crawl to safety. The one kneeling on the left, and wearing a handkerchief to protect him against CS gas, is Paddy Doherty. Moments later he was shot dead. (BS60)

Personal View . . .

Young man shot

The memory of that awful day of infamy by the British Army embedded in my mind is that of a young man on top of a barricade in Rossville Street shouting at soldiers at the junction of William Street.

I was standing in Glenfada Park when my mother-in-law, Mrs. Bridget Cassidy, called to me to come up to the flat quickly as the British army was entering Rossville Street and they were firing live ammunition.

I got up to the balcony of the flats. Mrs Cassidy shouted out, they've shot that young man, and I looked and saw him lying on the ground. I'm sure to this day his name was James Wray.

JOE MARTIN
Compositor, Derry Journal

Eyewitness:

William Hegarty, builder, aged 43

After the confrontation between the youths and the army we pulled back to the edge of the High Flats. I saw the Saracen tanks come round the corner of Rossville Street scattering the people in front, driving as fast as possible.

One of them mounted the pavement on the side of the flats. They circled past each other and did a complete turn stopping at the corner of William Street and Rossville Street and parking broadside along the road.

Then I saw a youth fighting with two soldiers at the William Street end of the High Flats. They were giving him an awful beating so myself and about seven others ran forward trying to help him.

I looked down Rossville Street and saw the soldiers taking up firing positions down on one knee. Before I could say anything I heard the first of the shots were fired.

Some of the men scattered to the side. Myself and a young boy turned to run straight back. When we got to the gap in the barricade which is in front of Rossville Flats somebody had pulled a barbed wire barricade across the opening.

I ran to the right but the young boy tried to step over the wire. He seemed to get caught on the top of the wire because he wasn't tall enough to get over. I ran out to pull him over. I got him off the wire.

We were climbing over the top of the rubble on the Glenfada side. Several more shots rang out at this minute.

The boy fell at my feet. I stumbled forward on my mouth and nose. When I got up again the boy didn't rise and he was lying face down bleeding. I called for help to lift him. Several men shouted to stay where I was and that they would get him because a soldier had just opened up from the wall and split the brickwork above my head.

I visited the wake-house the next morning and I learned that the dead boy was Gerard Donaghy.

I would swear that this youth had no nail, petrol bombs or guns. The only thing he had in his hand was a small bit of plaster.

I was at the head of the parade and saw no nail or petrol bombs being thrown at the troops.

This is a true and accurate account of events.

Mourners pictured before the funeral service at St. Mary's Church, Creggan. (BS56)

A Personal View . . .

Couldn't believe the news

I was still at school in January 1972, and given the terrible aftermath of "Bloody Sunday" and all the other "bloody" days since then I'm ashamed to say I felt a sense of excitement as the world's media descended on Derry on that fateful day. Up until the start of the "troubles" I could never remember Derry being in the news on or the television, and suddenly "our" town was making the headlines.

by Mary McLaughlin

As a young person, unaware of all that the March implied, I was simply excited that Derry was in the spotlight again.

One of my older brothers went to the March, but came home at the first signs of trouble. He wasn't aware anyone had been shot, but had a sense of foreboding that things might get out of hand because of the attitude of the army. We listened expectantly to the next news bulletin but nothing could have prepared us for the awful headline that a number of people had been shot dead.

In stunned silence we waited for the next news - an Irish language broadcast on RTE. My sister was studying Irish at Coleraine University but we doubted her understanding of the language as she translated the terrible news that 13 men had been killed. We insisted she must have picked it up wrong. Sadly she was right.

Personal View

Remembering a workmate

It was not planned or arranged but on the afternoon of Sunday, 30th January, 1972, I met up with workmates, Willie McKinney, Joe Martin and Noel McBride at Bishop's Field, Creggan to participate in the Civil Rights march on Anti-Internment. I remember it as a dry, cold but bright day and we enjoyed the long walk from Creggan down through the Bogside area, and as we went we exchanged stories and listened to "Big Noel" with his endless catalogue of jokes.

By John McManus

What lay in store approximately one hour after the march left Creggan, was never on our minds, or I suppose on the minds of any of the other marchers.

The first real sign of the impending danger that everyone was in was evident as the march went down Creggan Street and turned into William Street.

On the flat roofs of the GPO Sorting Office British Army marksmen lay at the ready with rifles trained on the marchers.

As we approached the junction of William Street/Rossville Street we could see that further down at the Chamberlain Street corner youths were throwing stones and bottles at soldiers manning the army barricade of military vehicles, that was there to seal off our passage to the City Centre.

I remember someone from the organising committee, with the aid of a hand-held megaphone calling the marchers to assemble at Free Derry corner for a meeting. A short time after that the air was filled with CS gas and rubber bullets as the army tried to keep the youths at bay. In the utter confusion of the situation I got separated from my three colleagues. The next person I met was an uncle of mine, Councillor William O'Connell and just minutes after saying to me that everyone was in a very dangerous situation – all hell seemed to break loose as the Brits opened up on the marchers.

Early that evening reports and names of people murdered and injured began to circulate in the area. I had heard that someone from 'The Journal' had been shot, the word on the ground was that he was a photographer. So I never suspected that Willie McKinney could be among the dead; I had overlooked the fact that Willie was a keen amateur photographer, and was carrying nothing more sinister that day, than a small camera slung around his neck.

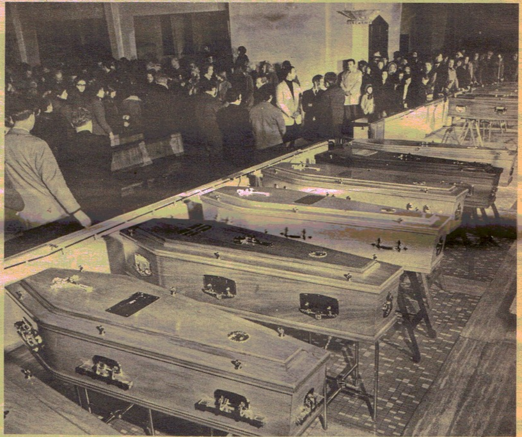
At work on Monday morning 'the boss,' the late Frank McCarroll, broke the sad news to the assembled members of staff, confirming our worst nightmare, our colleague, Willie, was among the dead. I remember the news was received in silence, stunned disbelief and in tears of sorrow – we had lost a member of our working family.

To say that anyone had enthusiasm for work that Monday would be a gross over-statement, an evil deed had been visited on all of the dead and injured on Bloody Sunday, and as the local newspaper, we had a responsibility to tell the truth of what really did happen on that fateful day.

In a way it was as if we were here to speak for our friend and workmate and indeed for all the other sad and sorrowful homes in our city that had been bereaved as a result of the murderous actions of the British Army.

Willie McKinney was a young man of excellent character and integrity, a compositor and an excellent practitioner of his trade. He was a good and honest friend to those of us who knew him in his short life and will be forever remembered by the staff members of '72.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, let Your face shine upon him.



The coffins of the Bloody Sunday victims lined along the altar rails at St. Mary's Chapel in Creggan. (BS31)

An injured man is led away on Bloody Sunday. (BS58)

Personal View . . .

Innocence eroded and reality awakened

Older people often remark that they can remember exactly where they were and what they were doing when President Kennedy was shot. I don't because I wasn't born until several months later.

By Bernie Mullen

Bloody Sunday is a different matter. I was due to celebrate my 8th birthday on February 3rd, 1972, my sister had turned 7 on January 25 and on Sunday January 30, 1972 we were enjoying our joint celebration.

If history had taken a different course I would perhaps remember that day because the party was the biggest we'd had. As well as inviting the handful of friends allotted by my parents, I chanced my arm and got another few pals in by the back door.

But the reason I remember that birthday particularly is because it was the one when the celebrations were cut short out of respect for 14 people shot dead by the British army in Derry.

For me innocence was eroded and reality awakened.

I recall going into the living room and my parents being physically stunned at the images from Derry which flashed across the television screen that evening.

It made a lasting impression on a child previously shielded from such scenes.

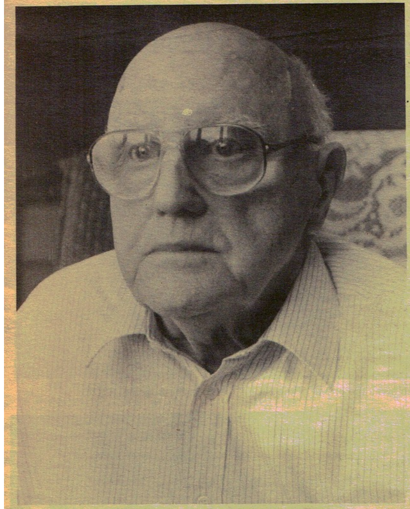
The scale of the slaughter was shocking. Even at that relatively tender age I sensed the injustice of what was done in Derry that day. The sight of a Catholic priest, Fr. Edward Daly, making his way through the Bogside holding a white handkerchief in a bid to prevent further bloodshed encapsulated the wrong which I could not verbalise until I was older. The sadness in that Catholic household, and the hurt, was palpable.

As a child the events were made much more frightening by the fact that they took place just 14 miles from where I lived. There have always been close ties between Derry and Strabane and we shared in the city's grief.

Unlike those in Derry that day I viewed the terrible events from a distance, in the safety of my home.

But the horror of Bloody Sunday remains as fresh in my mind as it was twenty five years ago.

And it is compounded by the failure of successive British governments to acknowledge the huge wrong that was done in Derry that day in their name.



JACK CHAPMAN

Army war veteran appeals to British Government:

"It's not too late to say sorry!"

A SECOND WORLD War veteran who served for forty years with the British Army has called on the British Government to accept its responsibility and admit its role in Bloody Sunday. 83-years-old Jack Chapman, who now resides in Fr. Mulvey Park, in the Bogside, said: "It's not too late to say sorry."

Mr. Chapman, whose exploits with the army on D-Day, at the notorious Belsen Concentration Camp and at Dunkirk earned him the rank of Regimental Sergeant Major said: "I was there, I witnessed everything on Rossville Street, yet when I was called by the British Government to give evidence at the Widgery Inquiry I was more or less called a liar."

Stating that he took great offence at this, Mr. Chapman went on: "I am a Welshman and proud of it and in my time in the army I served my country to the best of my ability. For them to turn round and call me a liar in public was disgusting and unscrupulous."

He continued: "I told the truth. I am not dishonest and I had nothing to gain from telling the truth. It was a complete and utter shame what happened on that day, yet the British Government has been so devious it refused and continues to refuse to admit its culpability."

Commenting on the events of Bloody Sunday, Mr. Chapman recalled: "It was so horrific I cannot describe it. To see innocent young men gunned down in the street was disgraceful. The British Government and the Paratroop Regiment were responsible for it all. A generation has passed and I feel they must bring peace of mind to the relatives of those killed."

He added: "When both Bishop Daly and myself were called to Coleraine for the Widgery Inquiry I thought that they would believe our version of events. What had a respected priest and a British Army war veteran to gain from lying? We told the truth yet they totally rejected out of hand our submissions and made us feel like dirt. I shall never forget it."

Stating that it was about time something was done about it, Mr. Chapman said: "An independent inquiry should be called at which a neutral should chair and the British should be forced to release all the details. While I wouldn't be fit to attend such a hearing, my evidence would still be admissible and the truth would out."

He continued: "By its blatant disregard for the relatives and its complete disclosure of the facts the British are admitting there is something to hide.

"I know there is and others who were there on that day know there is, but they are making their own rules."

Concluding, Mr. Chapman said: "No one has anything to gain by the truth coming out. The people here know what happened, but the British Government have a lot to lose including a lot of credibility. It was a farce and it should be shown up as such."

A bloody day recalled

- Bernadette McAliskey

When asked if she was often plagued by memories of the horrors that surrounded her on Bloody Sunday, Bernadette McAliskey, says she accepts know that they are recollections that will never leave her.

"I was watching the Michael Collins film the other day and when I saw the Croke Park shootings my thoughts returned to the Bogside and my blood literally froze and the hairs on the back of my neck literally stood to attention.

"Many people I have spoken to have told me that they react in the same way. It is like you are not just remembering it but are actually reliving it."

Recounted here is Mrs. McAliskey's account of the fifteen minutes of madness that preceded 4.30 p.m. on "Bloody Sunday" which she related to THE JOURNAL from her Coalisland home earlier this week.

"I remember I was meant to speak first that day . As we were walking down the hill to Free Derry Corner a group of younger demonstrators had pushed ahead . We were discussing the best way to avoid them getting involved in a clash with army and police.

"I remember Rory O'Kane, who was chairing the meeting, said that we should get to the meeting point as soon as possible and get the march away from possible flash points.

"It was not long before we were there and only a few stragglers were still arriving when I was handed the microphone. I remember telling the crowd to push forward to make room when the first shot rang out.

"To this day I have no doubt that those shots came from the City walls and neither did anybody else in the crowd.

"At this stage I remember saying to the crowd not to panic because I thought the soldiers were just shooting over the heads of the marchers. As these words were coming out of my mouth I heard more shots and realised that I was wrong and that they were doing the unthinkable.

"That is when everything became somewhat unreal for me. I was overcome with the strangest sensation that meant everything seemed to be happening in slow motion.

"At this stage I remember I jumped off the lorry and crouched down underneath it.

"As I was doing this I kept the microphone in my hand and kept warning the crowd not to stand up. I couldn't believe what was happening and I couldn't believe that I was still able to speak.

"I then looked down towards the flats and noticed that the streets were deserted except for a number of people lying motionless - who I just knew were dead.

"At that point I was filled with a terrible fear and went into what I can only describe as auto pilot mode. I was still crouching down and just heard myself muttering for people not to stand up.

"After a while, the realisation that people were dying made me panic and I decided to get up and run towards Nell McCafferty's house.

"On the way I noticed two young men I knew to be Republicans arguing with an older republican.

"I heard the two young men demanding guns but I knew it was pointless because the I.R.A. had agreed not to have guns in the area.

"I walked over to them and told them to stop arguing and to just make sure they got home safe and well.

"When I got To Nell's house, which was packed with people as many houses were, it was not long before I was asked to use my position as an M.P. to find out what was happening at Altnagelvin Hospital and who had been taken there.

"I remember speaking to a person at the hospital and being told that three people had already died and that many more were injured.

"One particular sad memory of those hectic few minutes, which will always stay with me, was when the person I was talking to on the phone told me that they would be collecting the I.D. of those who were dead and injured as soon as possible and would be informing the relatives in due course.

"I just couldn't help thinking of the mothers and wives who had no idea at that moment that their son or husband was dead."

Arrested demonstrators under guard by face-blackened paratroopers. (BS50)

Personal View . . .

Only realise impact now

It is difficult for me to express an opinion about something which has not directly affected me and which occurred before I was born.

By Adele McGonagle

The events surrounding Bloody Sunday have had little or no effect on me. As a 22-year-old Moville girl it is probably difficult for anyone to understand how the whole thing does not stir up emotions for me when I only live 20 miles across the Border.

Perhaps it is strange that something, which has affected the people of this city so much, has had little impact on my life. Over the years I have read the newspaper reports, watched the television documentaries and heard personal accounts of the events of Sunday, January 30th, 1972. It is clear from these reports that a terrible wrong was done that day. Yet, I feel alienated from the whole thing.

Since coming to Derry to work I have realised how the people of the city have been affected by the events of that day. There is a lot of hurt, and a lot of bitterness. Bloody Sunday has touched the lives of the people of this city so much. People with little or no political interest feel angry that the truth about what happened has never been told. They are angry that there was a cover up and that no one was brought to justice.

They ask why it happened. How it was allowed to happen but most of all they want to know the truth behind what happened on that day. I, like them, would like the truth to be told.

There is not only hurt at the killings but at the Widgery Inquiry and the failure of successive British Government's to exonerate the names of the fourteen victims.

The pictures of the events on Bloody Sunday are harrowing. To me, they are no more horrific than those of innocent people, be they Catholics or Protestants, who were shot dead or blown up in the political conflict of the past 25 years. All of them are disturbing, all of them unnecessary.

Each of us have been affected by various tragedies in our life. Bloody Sunday will always stir emotion for the people of Derry.

Where I come from, last year's fishing tragedy in which six young lives were lost so tragically will always evoke the same feelings of loss, bitterness and anger. They ask the same questions, want the same answers and want to prevent it from happening again.

Bloody Sunday: Before and after

"ARE YOU a Catholic or a Protestant?" These are probably the first words addressed to anyone in Derry by members of the 1st. Battalion of the Parachute regiment on the morning of January 30, 1972, the day that went down in history as Bloody Sunday.

These words were said to a young child out playing football in Springham Street on that winter morning by a burly paratrooper as they moved their vehicles in to their assembly point.

In case anyone was under the illusion that they were coming to Derry to improve community relations the paras proceeded to display a hostile and aggressive attitude once the aforementioned child gave the standard answer for a Catholic: "None of your business."

For the people in that area the morning of Sunday, January 30 had started off no differently to any other Sunday.

Some had been to Mass and then as it was a sunny but cold day, some of the children in the street went out to play football.

The first sign of anything out of the ordinary came at around 10. 30 when the first British Army vehicles began to appear along the Strand Road.

Then shortly afterwards the paras arrived, lining up their Saracens along the street and quickly putting paid to anymore football.

Abuse

For the next four hours as they waited to move into the Bogside the paratroopers subjected anyone they pleased to abuse and harassment.

One man who felt the rough edge of the paras behaviour was local photographer, Mr. Patrick Hegarty.

He said: "I was visiting my mother's house when my sister phoned to say that there was a very heavy British Army presence around her house.

"I called down to see if she was okay and when I arrived I parked my car beside a landrover that was outside her house.

"I had four children aged between six and ten in the car and as soon as I parked I was subjected to a tirade of abuse from this soldier who told me in no uncertain terms to move the car.

"I refused and he immediately said: "Get those children out of that car and search it."

"I told him that the children were quite capable of getting out themselves and at that I was pushed up against the wall and they kicked my legs apart and searched me none too gently.

"Then they asked me where I was going and I told them I was going to visit my sister and they told me I wasn't, so another argument started."

Mr. Hegarty was eventually allowed to visit his sister. He recalled how, afterwards, he was so angry when he left that his wife refused to let him go to the march.

"Instead we went for a drive and I couldn't believe it when I turned on the radio and heard what had happened."

First hand experience

Mrs. Kathleen MacDermott, a mother of eight children, also experienced at first hand the paras behaviour.

She recalled: "When they first arrived I went out to see what was happening and one of them stuck a rifle into my stomach and told me to get the hell back into the house.

"Later when my brother arrived I went out to see what they were doing to him and again they tried to force me back into my home."

Later that afternoon as people were leaving for the march the paras taunted that they would see them later.

The paras eventually left Springham Street and Clarence Avenue just before they moved into the Bogside, taunting local children as they left.

The mounting sense of disbelief at hearing of the numbers of people murdered ,can only be experienced not described.

Everyone who was at the march knew that there had to be some dead. The first news reports on the television said that two people had been shot dead in gun battles.

But most people dismissed this as inaccurate both in the figures and in the report as everyone knew there had been no gun battle.

The first rumours, hard enough to believe, put the figures at six dead then they continued to mount. Seven dead, eight dead.

Someone said a priest at Pennyburn Chapel had said there was eleven dead. We were now getting into the realms of incredulity.

When the final tally was given out on the radio - thirteen people dead - there was really nothing to be said.

The paras return

Then the paras came back. Once again the Saracens lined along Springham Street and Clarence Avenue. Once again they dismounted and stood about, some of them shooting out the street lights.

This was immediately countered by one local resident who opened all their curtains and put on every light in the house.

One eyewitness recalled: "Before they left for the march they had been just another bunch of British soldiers. A bit more aggressive than most maybe but still essentially just soldiers. It was far more chilling when they returned. You knew that among them were the men who had shot people dead on our streets.

"They stood around talking and laughing and what made it all the worse was that some of them were boasting about what they had done.

"I vividly remember one para talking to his mates and then raising his rifle to his shoulder mimicking how he fired three shots.

"But in many ways it was as if they knew the wrong they had done as they were much more subdued, at least as far as the people in the street were concerned."

That night at around midnight the 1st Battalion of the Parachute regiment left Derry. Some would say that sneaking out under the cover of darkness was a fitting departure for them.

Children await the arrival of the NICRA march in the Bogside. (BS14)

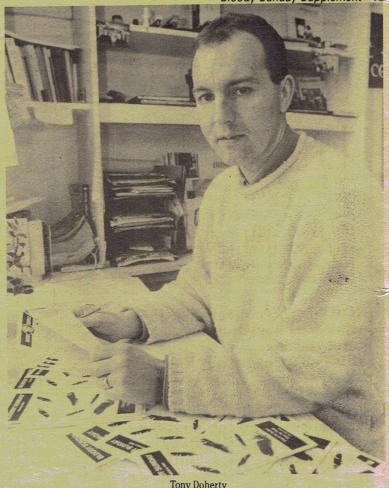
One of the Bloody Sunday dead, Patrick Doherty, being carried away by fellow marchers. (BS3

The body of Hugh Gilmour lies covered over by a blanket. (BS26)

The funeral of 17-year-old Jack Duddy gets underway in Creggan. (BS29)

Tony Doherty, whose father Patrick was killed on Bloody Sunday talks to the 'Journal' about the impact it had on him

'The single most determining feature of my life'


Tony Doherty

"My father was only five foot six and half. But I remember when he used to take us to Mass - what seemed like every morning in life, looking up at him and thinking him a giant.

"He was a very kind, ordinary man, father of six, who worked in DuPont. He had a full wage packet in his pocket when he was shot.

"He had been involved in civil rights and had a great distaste for injustice and discrimination - as indeed did my mother. I'm sure he never thought himself republican, though he had no time for the RUC or soldiers. He went to all the marches and had been battered at Magilligan the week before Bloody Sunday.

"Truth be told, I don't remember him leaving to go on the Bloody Sunday march. I only remember snippets of the events. Both my parents went together. It was obvious it was something big. All the other parents in the Street were going as well.

"My first inkling something was wrong was when I was playing in the street with another wee fella. After about ten minutes conversation, he told me my father had been shot. He obviously didn't understand the gravity of what he was saying, and neither did I though I was concerned. He said he'd been in Rossville Street and had seen my father carried into an ambulance. I disbelieved him and told him if he was telling lies, I'd sort him out the next morning. He assured me he was telling the truth. And we may then have gone back playing.

"I don't remember anything until after I went back to the house. A second or third cousin of my father's came in, she'd obviously heard something, and started tidying up the house. After a while, I approached her in the kitchen and asked her was it true that my father had been shot. She wouldn't answer and I didn't pursue it.

Hoping against hope

"I realised from these two pieces of information that there was something badly wrong. But I didn't tell anyone and spent the next while hoping against hope.

"At around eight o'clock people began congregating at our front door. Then my grandfather, some of my father's sisters and my mother came in. I was looking for my father.

"My mother called us into the front room and told us that my father had been shot. I remember, even though I was only nine, thinking how brave she was to come in and announce that to a gathering of her offspring. During the wake, she was so calm and dignified. She became the head of the household.

"They're rough memories and they don't get any better as you get older.

"I remember very little about the wake except being sent to the shop for messages to Melaugh's in Hamilton Street. I walked into the shop and the wee woman nodded to her husband and whispered: 'That's that young boy Doherty.' And he gave me the stuff for nothing. It was the first point in time I realised I had become associated with a massive event. As I grew older, I was always introduced with a nod and a wink - 'That's your man who's father was killed', and that still exists.

"In a strange way I almost resent this and being someone connected with a very sad event.

"It bucketed down at the funerals. There were thousands of people - and muck everywhere. We were standing at the graveside when an oul' fella grabbed me to pull me away. He said it was 'for families only'. Ironically, I was about to go, when someone told him otherwise.

Full gravity

"I was well into my teens before I realised the full gravity of what had happened on Bloody Sunday.

"Obviously, it had a profound effect on my life. It's not an event anyone should have to deal with, particularly a child. It is something that has remained to the forefront of my mind ever since.

"I'm now thirty-four and a parent myself, but losing my father stays the single most determining feature of my life.

"You miss the security of having someone who has been with you since the very moment you were born.

"For most of my teenage life I had an intense hatred of all things British and English. Growing up here in the 1970s wasn't easy for any young person. But in my position, and the level of bitterness I felt against the British army, I found it perfectly natural to become a republican. I later served four years for bombing related offences.

"Your outlook changes in time. And you do mellow as you get older. I'm happy with my life history, though often I wish the events of Bloody Sunday didn't happen.

"Even though I'm a republican, I have always argued that the Bloody Sunday Justice Campaign should be independent. Bloody Sunday is to do with the people of Derry and the people of Ireland - not just one political party.

"One of the greatest disappointments for the relatives of the victims is that the onus has always been on them to preserve the memories of the dead and point out the injustice. It's particularly regretful that the people of Derry collectively didn't assume some sort of onus or responsibility.

"The launch of the Bloody Sunday Trust, I believe, is the start of a process of broadening out the issue. And for that reason, I think it's a very positive idea."

Black Panther sends solidarity wishes

A leading American journalist and Black Panther activist, who is currently on death row in Pennsylvania, has sent a message of support to the families of those killed on Bloody Sunday.

Mumia Abu-Jamal - a past president of the Philadephia of Black Journalists - used to broadcast on National Public Radio before he was sentenced to death for killing a policeman in 1981.

He has always protested his innocence of the charge and believes his Black Panther background led to his prosecution.

In his letter to Bloody Sunday relatives, he states: "We send warm greetings to those seeking justice in Ireland.

"We salute you on this occasion of the 25th anniversary of Bloody Sunday. Your struggle is our struggle. You are not alone in confronting a system that oppresses an indigenous people.

"In unity with communities of resistance throughout the world, we demand respect and dignity for all, not just the few.

"As you continue your difficult struggle for justice and democracy against a colonial power, you have our support and solidarity."

Other U.S. groups and citizens to send messages include: the National Lawyers Guild, The Irish Unity Committee, Sissy Farenthold (recent Democratic Party candidate for Texas governor), and the Texas Coalition to Abolish the Death Penalty.

Personal View . . .

Australians were shocked

David Connolly remembers Bloody Sunday vividly. Twenty five years ago he learned of the killings in the early hours of Monday morning at his home in Melbourne, Australia. He remembers it all even now, he states, "very vividly".

"My mother was out visiting us here at the time so I knew she was safe. But I had a lot of other relatives, including my brother and sister, in Derry and I was very worried about them. I tried to get a line home to check out if they were okay but it was a waste of time; half the world was trying to get through at the same time. Fortunately, my uncle John got through to us to let us know that everyone had survived."

David also recalls the feeling of anger: "The Irish community here was incensed by what had happened. A special Mass for the victims was arranged for St. Patrick's Cathedral, the main Catholic church in Melbourne, the following Sunday and there was an absolutely huge turnout. Believe it or not my uncle had posted the Tuesday "Journal" to me and I got it on the Saturday.

"So on the Sunday I had placards made and put the photographs up outside the church so that everyone could see just what had gone on. One of the priests who actually concelebrated the Mass was Fr. John Cunnigham who was originally from the Bogside area."

According to the Brandywell emigrant, Australians were devastated: " This country is made of many races, many cultures. In 1972 I worked in a factory where we had all sorts. The talk that week was all about what was happening in Derry. Many of them could not grasp what the British army was doing in Ireland. There was a lot of media coverage of Bloody Sunday at that time and it certainly didn't do the British any favours. In fact, I would think it did the republican cause here in Australia no harm whatever. One of the spin-offs from that day was when you went somewhere and people heard your accent they invariably asked, "Are you Orange or Green?"

"Personally, I found Bloody Sunday very traumatic. I was an emigrant away from home but my heart was still there.

"I knew many of the people who died, or members of their family. That they were shot down in the streets of their own home town protesting about injustice and unfairness still shocks me."

Eyewitness:

Charles McLaughlin DuPont employee

I WAS at the march. At the corner of William Street/ Rossville Street I was gassed. I then proceeded to my home in the flats.

I heard shooting and looked out the back window. I saw Fr. Daly giving the Last Rites to a man; he was kneeling beside him. There was a number of persons surrounding the person on the ground.

A youth jumped to his feet and ran a few yards from this group of people. He spread his arms out wide and he shouted in the direction of the troops at the corner of Rossville Street flats.

I heard him shout: "Shoot me too". He said it a second time and with that a shot rang out hitting him on the left leg.

Another two youths then ran from the group. They went on each side of him, each catching him by the arm. They took him in the direction of a group of people sitting in the corner of the children's playground.

I then went to my living room in the front of the house. I looked out the window. I saw a man lying on his stomach. He was lying parallel with the front of the flats. He was facing Fahan Street.

He started to crawl on his stomach heading for the alley behind Joseph Place. He was trailing his left leg.

I shouted to him not to go across or they would shoot him. He kept moving and I shouted again: "For God's sake don't go across or they will shoot you."

At that stage they shot at him. The bullet passed over him because I saw chippings fly off the wall where the bullet struck.

They fired a second shot at him. The bullet struck him high up on the right side of his body. He put his hand to his side and said in a loud voice, "They shot me again." His head fell to the ground.

When a number of men carried him to the ambulance past my window, it was then I recognised him as a workmate named Paddy Doherty.

This is what I saw on the 30 January 1972.

Alex Nash, who suffered a bullet wound on the arm, pictured at Altnagelvin. (BS17)

BLOODY SUNDAY AMBUSH

ON SUNDAY, January 30, 1972, I witnessed mass murder as a 15 year old schoolboy. I was at the rubble barricade on Rossville Street, Derry, close to the entrance of Glenfada Park when the 1st Battalion Parachute Regiment entered the Bogside. I saw Michael Kelly shot dead and saw others fall.

I can state categorically, with honesty and with certainty, that I saw no civilians with either guns or nail bombs. Together with thousands of eyewitnesses present on the day, I know that those shot and wounded on Bloody Sunday were unarmed. I know they were innocent. I know they were murdered.

By Don Mullan

The research which I conducted in the course of producing *Eyewitness Bloody Sunday* and which formed the basis for Channel Four's Special Report on 17 January, 1997, was yielded important new evidence. This evidence concerns the very real possibility of a British Army sniper shooting to kill and wound from the vicinity of Derry's Walls on Bloody Sunday. This evidence is supported by almost 50 eyewitness statements, medical and ballistic opinion, and is strongly supported by an analysis of RUC and British Army radio transcripts, the Log Book of the 8th Infantry Brigade, and recently obtained statements of soldiers of the Royal Anglian Regiment who were positioned on the Derry Walls that afternoon. The circumstances of the killings of William Nash, John Young and Michael McDaid, are now seriously disputed. In other words, who shot them and from where?

CRUCIAL NEW EVIDENCE

This new evidence is crucial to the campaign to have the Widgery Tribunal Report repudiated in its entirety and to have the case reopened. Widgery confined himself to accounting for 108 rounds allegedly fired by 1st Battalion Parachute Regiment and nothing else. The fact that the firing of live ammunition from the vicinity of Derry Walls was ignored by Lord Widgery, suggests a much wider across the board cover-up of a military operation which was, I believe, at some level, politically sanctioned in advance.

While the new evidence has initially focused our attention on the role of soldiers positioned on the walls, this should not in any way deflect from the serious crimes committed by 1 Para under the command of Lt. Col. Derek Wilford against a civilian gathering on the day. Eyewitnesses have absolutely no doubt concerning the military homicide of Jackie Duddy, Patrick Doherty, Bernard McGuigan, Hugh Gilmore, Kevin McIlhinney, Michael Kelly, James Wray, Gerard Donaghy, Gerard McKinney and William McKinney.

The statements contained in *Eyewitness Bloody Sunday* are a compelling account of civilian heroism and terror in the face of a chilling attack which increasingly appears to have been a premeditated military ambush.

The role played by Lord Widgery and other sectors of the British Establishment created a very dangerous alienation from the institutions of government and law. In the aftermath of Bloody Sunday, Republican violence was, indeed, responsible for terrible acts. But to blame Republican violence in isolation is dishonest. Where a democratically elected government shows itself to be an active and willing participant in a violent crime against its citizens (and subsequently involves its judiciary in a cover-up), the government cannot escape responsibility for the consequences of its actions.

I have no doubt that Bloody Sunday unleashed a wave of violence across the Province, which resulted in the death of many other innocent people.

It is no coincidence that more people died during the following six months (256) than during the previous three years of the 'Troubles' (210). It is no coincidence that more people died during the following eleven months of 1972 than during any other year of the conflict. Between 1 February and 30 December, 1972, 445 deaths occurred. Adding these deaths to the toll for the following four years – 1973 (252); 1974 (294); 1975 (257) and 1976 (295) – the total of 1,543 deaths represents 47 per cent of all deaths (3,285) that occurred in the twenty-five years between 1969 and the end of 1993.

Those responsible for Bloody Sunday have, therefore, a lot to answer for.

***Eyewitness Bloody Sunday* by Don Mullan. Wolfound Press. £8.99**

Mr. Don Mullan, author of "Eyewitness Bloody Sunday — The Truth", presenting a copy of his book to his former principal at St. Joseph's Secondary School, Mr. Ted Armstrong. Included, at front, is Mrs. Sarah Kelly, principal. Back, from left, are Mickey McKinney, Bloody Sunday Justice Campaign; Mr. Kevin McCallion, vice-principal, whose statement is included in the book; Brian McIntyre and Shane Glackin, 'A' Level Politics students at the school. (24/1/C3)

The Bishop of Raphoe, the Most Rev. Dr. McFeely and Cardinal Conway, pictured during Requiem Mass. (BS10)

A blanket covers one of the Bloody Sunday dead. (BS20)

A poignant scene at St. Mary's Church, Creggan. (BS55)

With his hands above his head, Rev. Kieran Doherty, cc, St. Eugene's, makes his way across Rossville Street. (BS61)

THE SUNDAY BUSINESS POST

January 25 1998

Back to Bloody Sunday

This week *The Sunday Business Post* publishes a remarkable piece of photojournalism about the relatives of those who died on Bloody Sunday.

Photojournalist **Joanne O'Brien** has spent the last year photographing and talking to the relatives of the 14 people shot dead by the British Army 26 years ago this month.

Each agreed to be photographed where their relatives were shot. Each has recalled their memories of the day, their treatment by the authorities and their feelings now. Some have never spoken publicly before.

This set of photographs and interviews is a moving account of a major event in recent Irish history, told by the people most deeply affected. *The Sunday Business Post* is devoting eight pages to this landmark piece of Irish journalism.